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## LANDER'S EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER:



THE IRON STEAM-BOAT ALBURKHA.

THE history of science in the last century does not afford a more gratifying retrospect than the rise and progress of Steam Navigation. This period embraces the invention from its origin to its present perfection: from the steam-boat experiments of Mr. Hull, in 1736; the Duke of Bridgewater, Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, the Marquis de Jouffroy, in 1781; Lord Stanhope, in 1795; and Mr. Symington, on the Forth and Clyde Canals, in 1801. Still, no practical uses resulted from any of these attempts; for such must be limited to the present century. It was not till the year 1807, when the Americans began to use steam-boats on their rivers, that their safety and utility were first proved. But the whole merit of constructing these boats is due to Great Britain. Mr. Henry Bell, of Glasgow, gave the first model of them to the late Mr. Fulton, and went to America with him to assist in establishing them. Mr. Bell continued to turn his talents to the improvement of steam apparatus, and its application in various manufactures about Glasgow; and, in 1811, constructed the Comet, the first practical steam-boat in Europe, to navigate

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the Clyde.\* Twenty years from this date have wrought innumerable improvements in the machinery of steam-boats; and, from navigating waveless canals and gentle rivers, they have been put forth to plough the world of waters. In the construction of the boats themselves a material change had been made by the substitution of wrought iron for wood; of the advantages of which the vessel above represented furnishes hitherto satisfactory proof.

In vessels constructed for warm climates, the superiority of iron to wood is plainly manifest. In these countries, the timber-work of the best-built ships is liable to destruction from rapid successions of extreme drought and heavy rains. Again, wood being a bad conductor of heat, and the hull of the vessel being of this material, retains whatever heat is generated within the hold by steam-engines, or otherwise, or received from the intensity of the sun through the planks of the deck; which heat is not only injurious to health, but harbours vermin, as scorpions, centipedes, rats,

\* From the fifth report of the select committee of the House of Commons, on Steam Navigation.

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and especially white ants, the destructive operations of which must be well known to the reader. These evils are, however, prevented by the substitution of iron for wood; that metal conducting away the noxious heat, and rendering the temperature within the vessel no higher than the river in which she is sailing. The ravages of the ship-worm, which spares neither the hardest and soundest oak or teak timber, are likewise defeated by the metal bottom, since, in salt water, it is soon covered with a strong coating of rust, impenetrable to these animals.

These results have been shown in iron steam-vessels on the Ganges;\* and this success induced the company of Liverpool merchants, in fitting out the expedition, under Mr. Richard Lander, to explore the Niger and the Quorra, to give a metal steam-boat a trial. The vessels, composing the expedition, consist of two steamers and a brig. The largest of the steam-vessels is named the Quorra. "The second steam-vessel is formed of wrought iron; her draught of water is three hundred inches, and burden fifty-five tons. This vessel is named the Alburkha, signifying 'blessing,' and is intended to explore the small streams flowing into the Niger, and to proceed higher up the river than the Quorra can penetrate, in consequence of her draught of water. The brig Columbine accompanies the two steam-vessels, laden with articles of trade, provisions, and fuel, and is intended to proceed up the river as far as possible with them."†

The Alburkha was built at Liverpool by Messrs. McGregor, Laird and Co. Her dimensions are—"Length, 70 feet; beam, 13 feet; depth, 6 feet 6 inches; tonnage, including engine-room, 56; draught of water, with engine, coals, and water in boiler, 2 feet 9 inches; with provisions, water, &c., for her voyage to the Niger, 4 feet 6 inches. The bottom and sides of this vessel are composed of iron plates, the former, five-sixteenths of an inch thick, the latter, a quarter of an inch: engine, fifteen horse power. All accounts that have been received from this vessel agree in stating that she is much cooler and drier, and, of course, more healthy, than a vessel built of wood; that she is an excellent sea boat; and, although exposed on her voyage to very severe weather, never had made a drop of water from the time she left Liverpool up to the date of the last accounts received from her."‡

A competent writer in the *Nautical Magazine* aptly observes, that "a new era in the annals of maritime enterprise will be dated

\* The Lord William Bentinck iron steam vessel, built by Messrs. Maudslays, was launched in July, 1832. This vessel is 125 feet long, with 22 feet beam, and when launched, her draught of water was eleven inches. She is one of a series to be constructed for the East India Company, destined for the navigation of the Ganges. The thickness of the iron varies from one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch.

† *Nautical Magazine*, vol. i. p. 364.

‡ *Nautical Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 673.

from the departure of this expedition, in the circumstance of a vessel constructed of iron first going to sea. An iron ship involves certain difficulties relating to the compass which are yet to be investigated; but, provided these be overcome, there appears to be no reason why iron should not be applied to the formation of ships. The subject is one of vast importance in many points of view, and there seems every appearance of success in the present experiment, as the Alburkha is found to be more buoyant and free from leakage, while at the same time she can be easily repaired, and is safer, in case of getting aground, than a vessel built of wood."

The Alburkha, as was stated in our last volume, has been found completely to resist the effects of lightning, which falls harmless on it, though it is productive of mischief on other boats. "This," observes Mr. Murray, "results from the extreme conducting surface exposed to the meteor, and its consequent attenuation from its distribution and diffusion."§

The Quorra vessel, in the distance of the engraving, is about a hundred and forty-five tons burthen, and is propelled by an engine of fifty horse power. Her sides are fortified with eight six-pounders; in addition to which she mounts a twenty-four-pound swivel gun forward, and an eighteen-pound carronade astern. She is also armed with additional protection outside to prevent her from being taken by surprise, and is well provided with small arms, &c. Her crew consists of forty persons. Her draught of water is not more than four feet, which, for river navigation, is a great advantage. She is schooner-rigged, and can remove her masts, so as to economize her fuel, whenever it may be necessary.

For the original of the cut our acknowledgments are due to the proprietors of the *Nautical Magazine*.

While writing the preceding page, intelligence reached us of the return of the Columbine brig; and that Mr. Lander was, on July 20th, in good health, and about to proceed up the Niger in the Alburkha.

## THE WARRIOR'S HYMN.

(To the Editor.)

As an interesting appendage to the sketch and description of the grave of Koerner, in your last number, I send you a translation of one of his sublimest pieces. The poem presents us with a fine picture of that gallant youth's patriotic and chivalrous spirit. The love of fame, of life, in short, the strongest feelings peculiar to ordinary minds, are lost in the great-ruling passion. The Deity is invoked in a strain of deep and solemn piety, which, by a sudden transition, imparts emphasis

§ Mr. Murray's pamphlet on the Thunderstorm, wherein the Quorra instead of the Alburkha is stated to be the iron vessel.

tic energy to the storm and fury of the battle described in the last stanza.

I.

Father of earth and heaven! I call thy name!  
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;  
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;  
Father! sustain an untired soldier's soul;  
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal,  
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,  
Thou know'st if ever from my spirit stole  
One deeper prayer,—'twas that no cloud might  
lower

On my young fame! O hear! God of eternal power.  
God! thou art merciful,—the wintry storm,  
The clouds that pour the thunder from its womb,  
But show the sterner grandeur of thy form;  
The lightnings glancing through the midnight gloom  
To faith's rais'd eye as calm, as lovely come,  
As splendours of th' autumnal evening star,  
As roses shaken by the breezy plume,  
When, like cool incense, comes the dewy air,  
And on the golden wave the sunset burns afar.

God! thou art mighty—at thy footstool bound,  
Lie gazing on thee, Chance, and Life, and Death,  
Nor in the angel-circle flaming round,  
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,  
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath,  
Who is thy frown,—in thy smile victory!  
Hear my last prayer!—I ask no mortal wreath;  
Let but those eyes my rescued country see,  
Then, take my spirit all-omnipotent to thee!

Now for the fight, now for the cannon peal,  
Forward, through blood, and toil, and cloud, and  
fire;

Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,  
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire;  
They shake, like broken waves their squares retire!  
On them, hussars! now give the rein and heel!—  
Think of the orphan child, the murder'd sire,  
Earth cries for blood,—in thunder on them wheel;  
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph  
seal.

### APOLOGUES.

WHEN the heavens and the earth had been summoned into being, and man had been called to taste the joys and glories of the celestial Eden, every living thing was brought unto Adam, that it might inherit from him its befitting name. And flowers of every varied hue were among the lovely objects that his eye did rest upon; and as he named each of them, according to its own peculiar form, or fragrance, or colour, he added, "Be ye mindful of the name by which the image of your Maker hath called you." And it was yet but a short time afterwards, that a floweret, arrayed in the meek azure of the firmament, spake unto Adam, saying, "Lord! by what name didst thou call me? Of a truth, it shameth me that I did not heed it." And the first man answered, saying, "Forget-me-not!" Then the floweret drooped its head, and went and hid itself in the lonely shade, beneath the bough that waveth over the murmuring brook; and there it bideth, mourning. And when the gentle hand of friendship, or the eager finger of love, stoopeth to pluck it in its lowliness, it still doth whisper softly, "Forget-me-not!"

When Heli and his brother Antar were wayfaring in the desert, the hot wind blew, and the angel of death which rode on the

blast smote them to the earth. "Why tremblest thou, my brother?" said the spirit of Heli, as he spread his radiant wings for flight. "Alas! I fear," said Antar, "because I know not whither I go. Would I could tarry with the body wherein I have dwelt so long. But the sun grows dark, and I can no more feel the ground. I must depart, though, not like thee, rejoicing. Whence is thy joy?" "Because," answered Heli, "I shall now see more clearly the light that I have loved, and hear more perfectly the music which my soul hath been intent to hear." "My brother," said Antar, "bring me whither thou hast been wont to go, that my peace may be as thine." Then Heli brought his brother to the ruins of a mighty city, which were scattered over the plain. No living man abode there, but the echoes called one to another among the tombs, saying, "The sons of men, where are they?" Antar drooped his head as he listened, but a light shone forth from the eyes of Heli. Then they pierced the depths of a forest, where the tree of a thousand years was wont to flourish in its verdure; where the field-flower had blossomed, and bees had murmured around. The tree was now bare before the north wind; the bees were benumbed within the stem; and the flowers lay hid beneath the snow. Again Antar mourned; Heli smiled, as he pointed where summer gales came from afar. Afterwards Heli hovered over the deep; and when he saw that his brother followed, he clave the waters, and sought the lowest caves of the sea, where no sunbeam had ever shone, nor had silence entered since the world began. The roaring of the waves was more fearful to Antar than the thunders of the sky, though to Heli it was as the music of glad voices; and he sang with the chorus of the waters, saying, "Come and hearken to the voice of God, how his voice is mightier than the waves of the deep." Then they ascended to light and silence. There, in the utmost part of the heaven, stood the eternal altar, whereon was kindled an unconsuming fire, where spirits went to and fro to fill their golden urns, and shed radiance through the universe; suns shone everlastingly around; and planets rolled swiftly beneath. Antar saw none of these things, for his wings were spread before his face; but Heli drew nigh to the altar, and mingled with the young spirits which thronged around: he knew that they were brethren, yet, while he ministered with them, he was not unmindful of Antar. After awhile he again led the way, and brought his brother where he might repose. It was nigh to the regions of darkness, and a deep shadow spread over the firmament. "I now know," said Antar, "that thy joy is because thou hast found thy home. How knowest thou the way?" "Because," answered Heli, "it hath been my wont to come often whither I

have but now brought thee." "Nay, my brother," said Antar, "but who brought thee?" "The spirit of a man, Antar," answered Heli, "can wander afar, even while the earth is its abode: thus was it with me. I saw the smile of God in the light of the calm sunset, and heard his voice in the music of the morning: whither he called me I went forth, and where he pointed, I sought out his glories; I found them when I mounted the sloping sunbeam, and trod the path of the moonlight over the deep; when the lark flew up from her dewy nest, I arose with her; and when night came on, I wandered to and fro among the stars: then I knew that the earth was not my home. Neither have I yet brought thee to my true abode, because thou art already faint with wonder and fear. I can show thee greater things than these." "Not yet," murmured Antar, trembling the more as his brother spoke, "leave me, and when I am as thou art, I will follow thee to thy home." W. G. C.

### THOUGHTS UPON LAUGHTER.

#### BATCH FIRST.

A LITTLE book with this title was published not many months since, but as our knowledge of its publication is derived from the bookseller's advertisement, we are unacquainted with the contents of the volume. The author, a Chancery barrister, must not, therefore, suspect us of piracy, or of borrowing any more than the title of his little book; especially as we feel more disposed to respect the opinions of our forefathers on this ticklish subject, than those of our contemporaries. These are not laughing times;—wherefore the ideas of the present generation have not the air of experience to recommend them.

Grave philosophers have attempted to define what laughter is. Bacon illustrates laughter in connexion with tickling. He tells us that "tickling is most in the soles of the feet, and under the arm-holes, and on the sides. The cause is the thinness of the skin in those parts, joined with the rareness of being touched there. The palm of the hand, though it hath as thin a skin as the other parts, yet it is not ticklish, because it is accustomed to be touched." Perhaps a bank-note would most effectually tickle the hand: indeed, the wonderful effect of money upon the hand, generally, has caused it to be called "the oil of palms,"—a piece of elegant pater which Mr. Bulwer has enshrined in the brilliant pages of *Paul Clifford*.

Bacon continues: "Laughing causeth a continued expulsion of the breath, with the loud noise, which maketh the interjection of laughing—shaking of the breast and sides, running of the eyes with water, if it be water." This is commonly termed, "to

laugh till you cry;" and, as "the joy of grief" is one of the sublimities of epic poetry, we see no reason why every-day life should not have its tears of joy.

Hobbes, the sceptic, is more positive on laughter than his habit of doubt would lead us to expect. He says—"The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory, arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour." Hobbes's opinion is, however, controverted by Dr. Campbell, who maintains that laughter "doth not arise from the contempt, but solely from the perception of oddity, with which the passion is occasionally unnecessarily combined."

Dryden thinks laughter, "indeed, the propriety of a man, but just enough to distinguish him from his elder brother with four legs." Our credulous forefathers, from the idea of the hyæna being able to imitate the human voice, termed that animal "laughing." Dryden has a contemptuous opinion of laughter; for he considers it "a kind of bastard pleasure, taken in at the eyes of the vulgar gazers, and at the ears of the beastly audience. Church-painters use it to divert the honest countryman at public prayers, and keep his eyes open at a heavy sermon; and farce-scribblers make use of the same noble invention, to entertain citizens, country gentlemen, and Covent-garden fops." Alas! the farce-writers of our day sadly neglect this quality in their productions; though a farce without laughter is like *Hamlet* with the omission of the principal character, or a Christmas pudding without sweets.

The old comedians did not overlook the means of exciting laughter in their audiences; but Sir Philip Sidney points to an error in their judgment, when he says—"Our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed two together." Yet, surely, laughter at the theatre almost comes under the term of a scheme of merriment, than which Dr. Johnson thinks nothing more hopeless; yet it directly applies to a party where "wits and humorists are brought together from different quarters by preconceived invitations;—they come attended by their admirers, prepared to laugh and to applaud: they gaze awhile on each other, ashamed to be silent, and afraid to speak: every man is discontented with himself, grows angry with those that give him pain, and resolves that he will contribute nothing to the merriment of such worthless company."

This cause of failure to produce laughter reminds us of Steele's idea, that laughter is "a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile; and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter—which may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation."

Addison says—"Man is the merriest species of the creation, all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause something like pity and displeasure in higher natures." Perhaps, in some feeling of this kind originated the fable of the ancients, that Democritus laughed continually at the follies of mankind, which might not be expected from the founder of a school of philosophy, unless we termed him the laughing philosopher. Addison continues: "Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil." Dryden is more explicit, when he says: "It is a good thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness." ay, and of greater happiness than Pope intends to convey in his biting line:

Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

Sterne goes so far as to assert, that laughter adds to our existence. In his dedication to *Tristram Shandy*, he notes, (though we almost doubt the sincerity of part of the passage,) "I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth, being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, he adds something to this fragment of life." If this position hold good, would it not be worth while for our Life Assurance Companies constantly to supply the insurers with a stock of laughing gas.

Of the naturalness (to use a clumsy phrase) of laughter, Steele appears to be sensible, in his observations just quoted; and we find that Addison has amplified Steele's idea very felicitously. "The metaphor of laughing," he says, "applied to fields and meadows, when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages, which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This shows that we naturally regard laughter as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful.

For this reason, Venus has gained the title of 'the laughter-loving dame,' and is represented by Horace as the goddess who delights in laughter." This brings us to a few poetical illustrations of extreme beauty. Thus, who, in reading the *Fairy Queen*, can have overlooked Spencer's apostrophe to Venus, radiant with joy, and beaming with the imagery of fervid fancy:

Great Venus, queen of beauty and of grace,  
The joy of gods and men, that under sky  
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place,  
That with thy smiling look dost pacify  
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly:  
Thee, goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do fear,  
And when thou spread'st thy mantle forth on high,  
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,  
And heaven laughs, and all the world shows joys  
cheer.

All the world by thee at first was made,  
And daily yet thou dost the same repair:  
Ne ought on earth that merrily is and glad,  
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fair,  
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.  
Thou art the root of all that joyous is,  
Great god of men and women, queen of th' air,  
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,  
O grant that of my love at last I may not miss.

Even after these gemmy stanzas how sweetly sounds, from Milton:

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity,  
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hung on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And laughter holding both his sides.

Shakspeare is racy with illustrations of laughter: how his luxurious fancy runs riot in these lines:

Let me play the fool:  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundies  
By being peevish.

Ben Jonson, in one of his Prologues, makes the speaker say:

Now, gentlemen, I go  
To turn an actor, and a humorist,  
Where, ere I do resume my present person,  
We hope to make the circle of your eyes  
Flow with distilled laughter.

There is somewhat of the poet's exuberant embellishment in this expression; yet, how true to nature. The relationship of humour and laughter appears, however, to be viewed by Addison differently from Jonson. After giving his own notions of humour, in Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, Addison proceeds to guard his reader against a counterfeit, called False Humour, who is to be distinguished by "a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join him. For, as True Humour generally looks serious while every body laughs about him, False Humour is always laughing while every body about him looks serious." The



polished essayist then elaborates into a genealogical table of False and True Humour, in which Laughter has but a low place: thus—

Falsehood  
Nonsense.  
Frenzy—Laughter.  
False Humour.

Truth.  
Goodsense,  
Wit—Mirth.  
True Humour.

We must quote one more opinion on the philosophy of laughter, before we come to the classification of laughers. This is from no less grave an author than Kant, the celebrated German metaphysician; but it is as entertaining as it is logical:

"In every thing capable of exciting hearty laughter, there must be absurdity. *Laughter is an affection from the sudden change of a strained imagination into nothing.* This change, which certainly is by no means grateful to the understanding, indirectly, and for a moment, produces very lively gratification. The cause must, therefore, consist in an influence, exerted upon the body, and in the reaction of this upon the mind. The idea presented is not, in itself, an object of pleasure, as it is in the case of a person who receives tidings of a successful stroke in trade. How, in fact, can mere balked expectations be pleasing. But a play of ideas takes place, and this excites a play of the powers of life.

"An Indian, at table with an Englishman, at Surat, expressed his surprise, by loud exclamations, on seeing a vast quantity of froth ooze out of a bottle of porter as soon as the cork was drawn. Being asked, *What surprised him so?* Nay, said he, *don't suppose I wonder it comes out; but how did you ever contrive to squeeze it in?* We do not laugh at this story because we find ourselves wiser than the poor Indian, or because the understanding finds in it any thing satisfactory, but our expectation was strained, and suddenly vanishes. A rich man's heir is desirous to celebrate his funeral with all solemnity, but he complains that he cannot accomplish his purpose; for, says he, *the more I give my mourners to look sorrowful, the more cheerful do these fellows appear.* The reason why we laugh aloud at this, is the sudden vanishing of expectation. Let a person of humour, by way of reply, seriously and circumstantially relate how a merchant, on his return home with all his whole fortune in goods, was obliged to throw them all overboard during a violent storm, and that the loss affected him so, that the very same night his periwig turned grey; and we shall laugh aloud. For we feel pleasure in striking to and fro the idea we are catching at, as if it were a ball.

"Assuming that, with all our thought, corporeal movements are harmonically connected, we can pretty well conceive how the sudden removal of the mind, from station to station, in order to consider its object, is answered by a reciprocating contraction and

dilation of the elastic parts of our viscera. These are communicated to the diaphragm, which (as from tickling) throws the air out by sudden jerks, and occasions a healthy concussion. This alone, and not what passes in the mind, is the true cause of the pleasure derived from a thought, which in reality contains nothing. Voltaire says, that Providence has given us *hope and sleep*, as a compensation for the many cares of life. He might have added *laughter*, if the wit and originality of humour, necessary to excite it among rational people, were not so rare." 50

### LAMENT OF A MOORISH KING.

BOABDIL was the last monarch of the Moorish dynasty in Spain, and his expulsion from the throne of his ancestors has been vividly portrayed by the pen of Washington Irving, in his *Chronicle of the Siege and Conquest of Granada*.

The festal song of triumph old Granada's palace fills,  
And the shouts of thousands roll along like thunder from the hills;  
The silver cross of Ferdinand is gleaming in the sun,  
The Moorish throne is in the dust—the Moorish sceptre won!

Yes—sounds of exultation die upon the passing breeze;  
But Boabdil has other thoughts that will not yield to these;

And as he casts a parting look on Zenil's golden tide,  
His scornful eye betrays the fire which marks the spirit's pride.

He sees the sky reflected on the gorgeous domes around,

And hears sent up from crowded streets the cymbal's ringing sound;

The mingled voices to his ear a mournful cadence bring.

And bid him leave his native halls—a conquer'd Moorish king!

His lips express'd indignantly the feelings of his mind,

As the shouts that hail'd the conqueror rose proudly on the wind;

Nor to the captives in his train was sympathy unknown—

The plaintive sorrows of their hearts responded to his own.

"Thou city of my sires!" he said, "thy halls are bright and fair,

Although the Moorish maids have ceased to touch their lute-strings there:

Can I survey thy fallen state with calm and tearless eye,

Or hear unmoved the victor's shouts resounding through the sky?

No—still the life-pulse of the heart is throbbing in my breast,

I feel its language on my lips which cannot be suppress'd;

Oh! would that I had found a grave where other warriors fell,

By the foaming chargers trampled down, and none to say farewell.

Thou birthplace of the Moorish kings! thy sister Zenil's tide

Reflects, all fair and beautiful, thy palaces of pride;

We part—but if the exile roams beyond the farthest sea,

His spirit, whom no grief can blight, shall fondly cling to thee!"

The cannon's last and longest peal responded as he spoke,  
 Announcing that Granada bow'd beneath the Christian's yoke;  
 It smote the heart of Boabdil with pangs unfelt before,  
 And still the spot is call'd in song "The last sigh of the Moor?"  
 C.

### Manners and Customs.

#### BEGINNING OF THE YEAR IN VARIOUS NATIONS.

THE Chaldeans and Egyptians' years were dated from the autumnal equinox. The ecclesiastical year of the Jews began in the spring; but in civil affairs they retain the epoch of the Egyptian year. The ancient Chinese reckoned from the new moon, nearest the middle of Aquarius. The year of Romulus commenced in March, and that of Numa in January. The Turks and Arabs date the year from the 16th of July. Dremischid, or Gernschid, King of Persia, observed on the day of his public entry into Persepolis, that the sun entered into Aries; and in commemoration of this fortunate event, he ordained the beginning of the year to be removed from the autumnal to the vernal equinox. The Brachmans begin their year with the new moon in April. The Mexicans begin it in February, when the leaves begin to grow green; their year consists of eighteen months, having twenty days each; the last five days are spent in mirth, and no business is suffered to be done, nor even any service at the temples. The Abyssinians have five idle days at the end of their year, which commences on the 26th of August. The American Indians reckon from the first appearance of the new moon at the vernal equinox. The Mahomedans begin their year the minute in which the sun enters Aries. The Venetians, Florentines, and the Pisans in Italy, began the year at the vernal equinox. The French year, during the reign of the Merovingian race, began on the day on which the troops were reviewed; which was the first day of March. Under the Carolingians it began on Christmas day, and under the Capetians, on Easter day. The ecclesiastical year begins on the first Sunday in Advent. Charles IX. appointed, in 1564, that for the future the civil year should commence on the 1st of January. The Julian calendar, which was so called from Julius Cæsar,\* and is the old account of the year, was reformed by Pope Gregory, in 1582, which plan was suggested by Lewis Lilio, a Calabrian astronomer. The Dutch and the Protestants in Germany introduced the new style, in 1700. The ancient clergy reckoned from the 25th of March, and the method was observed in Britain until the introduction of the new

\* Sosigenes, the Egyptian astronomer, assisted Julius Cæsar in the calendar.

style, A. D. 1752, after which our year commenced on the 1st of January:

See the minutes, how they run,  
 How many make the hour full complete,  
 How many hours bring about the day,  
 How many days will finish up the year,  
 How many years a mortal man may live.

Shakspeare.

When the style was altered many persons thought they had been cheated, and the cry was "*Give us back our eleven days.*"—See Hogarth's Election Print. P. T. W.

#### TWELFTH DAY.

IN former days, (says a recent writer), when good housekeeping was in fashion amongst the English nobility, they used either to begin or conclude their entertainments on Twelfth day, and divert their guests with such devices as the following; namely:—A castle made of pasteboard, with gates, drawbridges, battlements, and portcullises, all done over with paste, was set upon the table in a large charger, with salt laid round about it, as if it were the ground, in which were stuck egg-shells full of rose or other sweet waters, the meat of the egg having been taken out by a great pin. Upon the battlements of the castle were planted kexes, covered over with paste, in the form of cannons, and made to look like brass, by covering them with Dutch leaf-gold. These cannons being charged with gunpowder, and trains laid, so that you might fire as many of them as you pleased at one touch; this castle was set at one end of the table. Then in the middle of the table they would set a stag made of paste, but hollow, and filled with claret wine, and a broad arrow stuck in its side; this was also set in a large charger with a ground made of salt, having egg-shells filled with perfumed water set in it as before. Then, at the other end of the table, they would have a ship made of pasteboard and covered all over with paste, with masts, flags, and streamers, and guns, made of kexes, covered with paste, and charged with gunpowder, with a train as in the castle; this being placed in a charger, was set upright as it were a sea, in which were also stuck egg-shells filled with perfumed waters. Then between the stag and castle, and the stag and ship, were placed two pies made of coarse paste, filled with bran and washed over with saffron and white of eggs; when these were baked, the bran was taken out, a hole cut in the bottom of each, and live birds put into the one, and frogs into the other; then the holes were closed up with paste, and the lids neatly cut so that they might be easily taken off. Being thus prepared, and placed in order upon the table, one of the ladies was persuaded to draw the arrow out of the body of the stag, which being done, the claret issued forth like blood from a wound, and caused great admiration

in the spectators; which being over, after a little pause, all the guns on one side of the castle were discharged by a train against the ship, and afterwards the guns on one side of the ship were discharged against the castle; then having turned the chargers, the other sides were fired off, as in a battle; this causing a great smell of powder, the ladies or gentlemen took up the egg-shells of perfumed water and threw them at one another. This pleasant disorder being pretty well laughed over, and the two great pies remaining uncut, some one or other would have the curiosity to lift up the lid, and in doing so out would jump the frogs, which would make the ladies skip and scamper; and on lifting up the lid of the other out would fly the birds, which would naturally make at the light, and so put out the candles; and so with the leaping of the frogs below, and the flying of the birds above, would cause a surprising and diverting hurly-burly among the guests in the dark; after which, the candles being again lighted, the banquet would be brought in, the music sound, and the particulars of each person's surprise and adventures furnish matter for diverting discourse.

The following account of card playing at the court of Charles II., on Twelfth night, 1662, is given by Mr. Evelyn in his Diary: "This evening, according to custom, his Majesty opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the Privy Chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his 100*l*. (The year before he won 1,500*l*.) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about 1,000*l*., and left them still at passage, cards, &c. at other tables: both there and at the groom porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry I am that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a court which ought to be an example to the rest of the kingdom."

W. G. C.

#### MALLARD NIGHT.

THERE was long preserved a curious, though unsequential custom, in the College of All Souls, Oxford—that of celebrating the festival of the mallard every year, on the 14th of January, in remembrance of a huge mallard, or drake, found, according to tradition, in a drain under ground, on digging the foundation of the college. On the recurrence of this festival, an ancient and humorous song was regularly sung. When Pointer wrote his *Oxonienſis Academia*, he committed offence by insinuating that this immortalized mallard was no other than a *goose*. The insinuation produced a reply from Dr. Buckler, replete with irresistible irony; but Pointer met a partisan in Mr. Bilson, chap-

lain of All Souls, who issued a folio sheaf, intitled, "Proposals for printing by subscription the History of the Mallardians;" with the figure of a cat prefixed, said to have been found starved in the college library. The festival has now been for some years discontinued.—*Brewer's England and Wales*—*Oxon*.\*

#### ANCIENT MONEY IN SCOTLAND.

SOME time since, in ploughing a field at Tegs, Inverness, the ploughman found a rod of pure gold, about fifteen inches long, with three sides, each about half an inch in depth. In the middle it was twisted and terminated by a bend similar to a shepherd's crook, in very rude workmanship. This relic was presented to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, and several opinions were given regarding its probable use. The question, however, lay over till Dr. Hibbert advanced a theory founded on the Welch laws of Howel Dha, which tend to prove, beyond doubt, that the said rod of gold indicated nothing more than the form of current money of many northern countries.

W. G. C.

\* See also *Mirror*, vol. xii. p. 392.

#### Fine Arts.

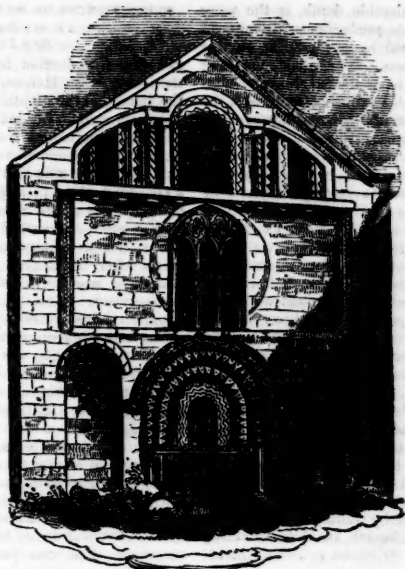
##### SAXON ARCHITECTURE.

LITTLE as we are disposed or prepared to enter the lists with all the disputants on the origin of Saxon architecture, we are by no means inclined to disparage its merits—as the bold and simple character of its outline, and the massive richness of its details.

Dr. Milner's opinion appears to be the stronghold of all those writers who consider the semicircular arch to be the true Saxon, which has been unnecessarily classed with Pointed architecture, the graceful peculiarities of which are totally independent of the Gothic, to which the Saxon and Norman styles more properly belong.

In the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, lately published, we find a lucid explanation of the very common error of attributing the erection of buildings with massive columns and semicircular arches to the Saxons. The writer observes—"According to the best authorities, there are very few specimens of architecture now in existence in this country which can properly be called Saxon—that is, of a date anterior to the Conquest, and not of Roman origin; and those few are of the rudest and most inferior description. Saxon, therefore, as far as the architecture of this country is concerned, is an improper term. All the ancient structures, which are distinguished by the semicircular arch, may be called Anglo, or Anglo-Norman, Gothic. It consists principally of massive columnar piers, supporting semicircular arches, similarly arched doors and windows, and arches on





(West Front of Iffley Church.)

small columns in relief, against a dead wall, to ornament it. The pier, when rounded, has a rude foliate, or rounded capital, and generally a moulded base, and is variously ornamented on the surface; being altogether a rude resemblance of the columns of Roman architecture: it is at times polygonal; and sometimes piers consist of clusters of small round shafts. In doors and windows, thin columns, with rude capitals and bases, frequently receive the mouldings of the arch; and, when the opening is divided, they are placed like mullions to support the inner arches. There are examples of this style which are quite plain in every particular; but it is generally enriched by deep congeries of mouldings on the arches, and, when there are no columns, running down the jambs of doors. These are again frequently carved, and mostly with the zig-zag or chevron ornament: grotesque marks and rude representations of animals, foliage, and flowers, form also common enrichments in Anglo-Gothic architecture."

The Encyclopædist continues—"This style prevailed down to the reign of Henry II. of England, when the pointed arch made its appearance. A degree of impressive grandeur pervades its productions, notwithstanding their clumsiness, arising from the great simplicity of manner and massiveness of proportion by

which it is distinguished." In London we have some fine existing specimens—as the vestibule of the Inner Temple Church, which, moreover, exemplifies the transition. The White Tower in the Tower of London is also a characteristic external example of the Anglo-Gothic style. The nave of St. Alban's Abbey, figured in our last volume, has likewise some fine specimens of this arch. The Conventual Church of Ely, and Waltham Abbey Church have also some arches in this style, which are ornamented with zig-zag, which at Waltham is extended to the columns; but a more enriched exemplification than either of these will be found in the north, south, and west doors of Iffley Church, about two miles from Oxford, on a bank of the Isis, and on the road to Henley. As the western is the most embellished of these examples, we select it for illustration. It is in a remarkably perfect state: the only material injury it has sustained for centuries being a slight depression in one of the mouldings of the arch. The door is surmounted by a chain, beautifully sculptured, each link of which is conjoined by a grotesque head, and encircles an animal, bird, or other device. Next, is a large cable moulding, supported as it were by a great number of beaks, issuing from grotesque heads. These ornaments are repeated on another moulding of the same description which recedes; and receding

again, to a considerable depth, is the wavy chevron: the whole producing a richness of effect not surpassed by any building in this style of architecture. This door has long been disused, and is, as the cut shows, encumbered with a wooden railing, &c. Above the door was a large circular window, now stopped up; one of the fourteenth century being inserted in its space. Over this are placed three richly-ornamented arches, which formed a superb pediment before they were injured by the lowering of the roof.

The south door is likewise exquisitely ornamented, but differs from the west in its arch being supported by four columns, the two outer ones having plain shafts, those within being carved with diamond work and zig-zag. The capitals represent, on the left side, two centaurs in combat; and on the right, an encounter of horsemen. The inner moulding has foliated enrichments of great beauty. The north door contains less of ornamental sculpture than the south.

This church is of date anterior to the Conquest, and Anglo-Gothic. Of its history it may be sufficient to state that, according to one of the MSS. of Anthony Wood, preserved at Oxford, Iley Church, with its appurtenances, was given by Jeffrey de Clinton to the canons of Kenilworth, in Warwickshire; this Jeffrey being described as one of the attendants of William the Conqueror.

### The Public Journals.

ORIGINAL POEM BY LORD BYRON.  
NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

In the dome of my Sires, as the clear moonbeam falls  
Through silence and shade o'er its desolate walls,  
It shines from afar, like the glories of old,  
It gilds, but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days—  
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays:  
When the stars are on high and the dew on the  
ground,

And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

And the step that o'er-echoes the grey floor of stone,  
Falls sullenly now—for 'tis only my own;  
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,  
And empty the goblet, and dreary the hearth.

And vain was each effort to raise and recall  
The brightness of old to illumine our hall;  
And vain was the hope to avert our decline—  
And the fate of my father's has faded to mine.

And there was the wealth and the fulness of fame,  
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;  
And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,  
And mine to regret—but renew them no more.

And Rulu is fix'd on my tower and my wall,  
Too hoary to fade, and too mazy to fall;  
It tells not of Time's or the tempest's decay,  
But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway.

Communicated by Mr. Galt to the  
Monthly Magazine.

### REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

AT ST. HELENA.

By a Lady.

My first introduction to Bonaparte was in the island of St. Helena, at the place called the Briers, in the month of December, 1815, about six weeks after his arrival at the island.

This introduction was by chance, and through the means of two young and lively English ladies, who had lately returned from a boarding-school in England, daughters of the proprietor of the Briers.

We went, by invitation, to dine at the Briers, where Bonaparte resided for some weeks after his arrival, until the house at Longwood was put in order and prepared for his reception. I was walking with my little daughter (eight years of age), and the two young ladies before mentioned, in the garden before the Briers, when Bonaparte came forth from his tent (which was pitched on one side of the house), accompanied by his secretary Count Las Casas.

Bonaparte was a little man, stout and corpulent, of a dark olive complexion, fine features, eyes of a light bluish grey, and, when not speaking or animated, of an abstracted, heavy countenance. But when lighted up and interested, his expression was very fine, and the benevolence of his smile I never saw surpassed. He was particularly vain of a *small and beautiful hand*, and handsome little feet; as vain nearly (I dare say) as having conquered half the universe. Bonaparte laid a great stress on the beauty of hands in ladies, and frequently inquired of me, during our residence in St. Helena, respecting the hands of the ladies he had not seen; and seemed to think a pretty and delicate hand the *ne plus ultra* of beauty and gentility.

Napoleon was dressed, on the day of my first introduction to him, in a green coat, silk stockings, small shoes, large square gold buckles, and a cocked hat, with a ribbon of some order, seen through the button-hole of his coat.

The two young ladies, who were respectively about thirteen and fifteen years of age, were quite familiar with the Ex-Emperor, ran playfully towards him, dragging me forward by the hand, and saying to him, "This lady is the mother of the little girl who pleased you the other day by singing Italian canzonets."

Upon this he made me a bow, which I returned by a low and reverential curtsy, feeling, at the same time, a little confused at this sudden and unceremonious introduction.

"Madame," said he, "you have a sprightly little daughter; where did she learn to sing Italian songs?"

On my replying that I had taught her myself, he said "Bon." He then asked me what countrywoman I was? "English?"

—"Where were you educated?"—"In London."—"What ship did you come out in to St. Helena? What regiment is your husband in? And what rank has he in the army?" And a variety of like questions, as quick as possible, did Bonaparte make to me, and all in Italian. I then ventured to request he would speak to me in French, as I was more conversant with that language than with Italian. All this time the two young ladies and my little daughter were running to and fro around us, and chattering to the Great Hero, who seemed to delight much in their lively and unsophisticated manners. After walking some time in the garden, Bonaparte requested me to go into the house at the Briers, where a pianoforte stood open, to sing some Italian songs. Accordingly, we all entered the drawing-room, which was on the ground floor, when my playful little daughter, perceiving me agitated and trembling at the idea of singing before so great a personage, whispered to me,—"Why are you so much afraid, dear mamma? he is only a man."

The little creature had seen him at the Briers a few days before with some young friends, and had pleased and surprised him by singing several of Milico's Italian canzonets, and had accompanied herself on the pianoforte, although her little hands were scarcely able to reach the octaves; she had been always accustomed to play and sing whenever she was ordered or requested so to do; and she was not old enough to comprehend the prowess and renown of Napoleon Bonaparte, and to judge of the awe and agitation his name was likely to produce, and had produced even on kings and queens.

Behold me now seated at the pianoforte with the Conqueror of the World standing behind my chair. What an indefinable, indescribable sensation! I forgot my fears in my astonishment, and got through the song of "Ah che nel Petto," tolerably well.

—"Bien," cried Bonaparte: "*C'est de Paësiello*," which showed he was well acquainted with the style of the composers. "Ah," said he, "in my youth I could also perform a little on the pianoforte." He then ran over the keys of the instrument in tolerable style, to show that he was not boasting of what he could not perform.

"The Italians," said he, "have certainly the first taste for music and composition in the world; then the Germans; then the Portuguese and Spaniards; then the French; and, lastly, the English; but really I do not know which of these two last have the *worst* taste in composition. But stay, I had nearly forgotten the *Scotch*. Yes; they have composed some fine airs." All this he said in French, with his usual rapidity. "Madame," said he, "you no doubt delight in performing musical pieces and in singing?" I bowed

affirmatively. "I was certain of it," said he; "we all delight to do what we know we do well." With this flattering speech he made a sliding bow and departed.

I was sitting one morning in our tent at Deadwood Camp, when the Countess Bertrand came in, accompanied by Captain M—y of the 53rd regiment (the officer at that period in surveillance of Bonaparte) with an invitation from the Ex-Empereur for me to dine *that day* with him at Longwood House.

"The Emperor," said the Countess Bertrand, "will invite your husband on another day; for he makes it a sort of rule never to invite husband and wife on the same day; so you can, if you wish, go with me and the Grand Maréchal Bertrand."

I then replied, "I shall be exceedingly happy to accept the invitation, provided my husband shall have no objection to it. He is not at present within; but as soon as he comes, I will ask if he likes me to go."

"What?" exclaimed the Countess, "are the English wives in such subjection, that they cannot accept an invitation, even from an emperor, without leave of their husbands?"

"Yes," replied I; "nor can I give an answer until mine returns." And at this answer she looked surprised, and rather offended. But Captain M—y looked highly delighted, and proud of the superior power of English over French husbands. The Countess Bertrand, however, soon resumed her charming and amiable manner, and said she would remain with me until my lord and master returned, which, as he did not do so for some time, she was obliged to depart. When he at length came home, he did not much approve of my going without him; for how was I to return to the camp alone? But on hearing that our Colonel, Sir George Bingham, was also invited to dine at Longwood, and would bring me safe to my tent, he consented to my going; and away I went to dress myself for the occasion with no small delight.

I went to the Countess Bertrand's house first, and found her splendidly arrayed; for the ladies were dressed every day the same as at Paris, although they dined every day at Longwood. Bonaparte's carriage and four horses came to fetch General and Countess Bertrand from Hutt's Gate, where they then resided, and I accompanied them.

When we arrived at Longwood, we found Count and Countess Montholon, Baron Gouraud, and Count Las Casas, and Sir George Bingham, assembled in the drawing-room. Bonaparte soon after entered, and sat down at the chess-table, for he always played a game at chess before dinner. He asked me to play with him, which I declined, saying I was a bad player. He then asked

me if I could play at backgammon. "You must teach me," said he, "for I know but little of the game." So down he sat. I was in considerable agitation at the idea of giving instructions to the great Conqueror. But luckily, as soon as he had placed the backgammon men, a servant entered, saying, "Le diner de sa Majesté est servi."

Madame Bertrand then whispered to me, "You are to sit in the Empress's seat. It has been so ordered." I accordingly was led to it by the Grand Maréchal Bertrand. The instant Bonaparte was seated, a servant came behind him and presented him with a glass of wine, which he drank off before he began to eat. This, it seems, was his invariable custom. The dinner was served on superb gold and silver plate, and beautiful china. The meat was served on the side-tables by several smart servants in magnificent liveries of green and gold. There was a vast variety of dishes and vegetables, cooked in the most delicate manner. Bonaparte ate of a number of dishes with great appetite; he several times offered things to me—an honour, I was told by Las Casas, he never condescended to do even to queens. Napoleon talked a great deal to me; his conversation was chiefly questions respecting India, and the manners and dress of the natives there, and I must not forget to inform my female friends that he admired my dress, which consisted of a silver worked muslin in stripes. He asked me how much I gave a yard for it in India. He also admired, or *pretended* to admire, my bracelets, which were of beautiful pearls. Be that as it may, I believed it all, and began to feel tolerably conceited and much at my ease.

"Your English gentlemen," said he, "sit an intolerable time at dinner—and afterwards drink for hours together, when the ladies have left them. As for me, I never allow more than *twenty minutes* for dinner, and five minutes additional for General Bertrand, who is very fond of *bonbons*."

Saying this he started up, and we all followed him into the drawing-room, when each of the Generals taking a *chapeau-bras* under his arm, formed a circle round Bonaparte; all continuing standing. Coffee was presently brought, and the cups and saucers were the most splendidly beautiful I ever beheld. Napoleon now conversed with all around most agreeably. I admired the china; upon which he took a coffee-cup and saucer to the light to point out its beauties,—each saucer contained a portrait of some Egyptian chief; and each cup some landscape or views of different parts of Egypt.

"This set of china," said he, "was given me by the city of Paris after my return from Egypt."

He afterwards made a present of one of these beautiful coffee-cups to Lady Malcolm, wife of Admiral Sir Pultney Malcolm, on her

departure from St. Helena. Sir Pultney had shown Bonaparte much kindness and consideration.

Napoleon then requested me to sing, and I sang a few Italian airs. The Countess Montholon then performed some little French songs, and he joined in humming the tune.

A party of reversis was then formed for him by his Generals, and I sat down to a round game with the two Countesses and Sir G. Bingham.

Napoleon was now in high spirits; he was winning at reversis, and he always liked to win at cards; he began to sing merry French songs. About ten o'clock he retired, making a sliding bow, to his private apartments, attended by Count Las Casas.

The second time I dined with Bonaparte at Longwood, the invitation was by chance, and from his own mouth.

I went with my husband and little daughter to pay a visit to Countess Bertrand, who at this period had removed from Hutts Gate to a house built by Government for General Bertrand, close to Longwood House. After having paid our visits to her and to Countess Montholon, we met Bonaparte walking in the garden with General Bertrand; he walked up to us, and talked a long time to us, and told little E—y she had a "Spanish countenance."

When we were about to take leave to return to camp, Napoleon, in a most polite and easy manner, requested we would all stay and dine with him, and in this instance broke through the rule he usually made of inviting husbands and wives separately; and as for "La Petite," pointing to E—y, "she will like to stay and dine with the children of Madame Bertrand."

His barouche, drawn by four fiery horses, now drew up to the door, and he invited Madame Bertrand and myself to get into it with him, and accompany him in a drive round Longwood, saying, that while the *Capitaine* returned to camp, *pour faire sa toilette*, and to *faire apporter la toilette de madame* to the ladies' apartments, we would take the air. Behold me then seated in the barouche next to the Ex-Emperor, the great Bonaparte. The three French Generals, Bertrand, Montholon, and Gourgaud, were in splendid uniforms; the horses went like fury, and the road being extremely rough, I thought it not improbable that I should have my neck broken in company with the Conqueror of the World. Bonaparte was rather abstracted during this drive, but he talked a little of the singular appearance of the gumwood trees, which compose the heads of Longwood and Deadwood camp. At dinner he conversed a great deal about different ladies of St. Helena. The young ladies born in that island are extremely pretty. One of them he had named

the Rose Bud, and another "La Nympe;" this last was a Miss R——n, a very beautiful young lady, who shortly after married a captain of an Indianman.

He then asked me if I understood house-keeping: "For example," said he, "do you know how to make a pudding yourself?"

I told him that since I had been encamped at St. Helena I had learned to make a pudding and a pie; also, that having no servant but a soldier's wife, and she not always able to attend on us, I was obliged to learn to do a number of things myself. When the dessert came on the table, Bonaparte took a large plateful of glittering sugar-plums and crystallized sweetmeats—and calling to a servant, said, "Take these to the young lady who sings so well." When E—y got them, she wrapped them carefully up; and after she got back to camp, put them into a small tin box, and preserved them safely for some years.

On that evening Bonaparte played several games at chess with his Generals; and after he retired, they amused themselves with making a large bowl of excellent punch, of which all the ladies tasted; we then walked back to our camp, which was very near and within sight of Longwood House.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### Spirit of Discovery.

#### PHRENOLOGY.—DETECTION OF CHARACTER FROM THE SKULL.

At a recent meeting of the Phrenological Society, Mr. Symes read a communication which he had received from a friend, not a member of the Society, respecting an individual whose skull had been discoursed upon by Mr. Drew at the preceding meeting. The subject of the remarks was a lad residing at Bridgewater, only fourteen years of age, who murdered his mistress, of whom he had been supposed to be extremely fond. He had received great kindness from her, and, having borne an excellent character, was not at first suspected of the murder, although he had been absent ever since; and the less suspicion attached to him, because the husband bore a bad character, and was not on terms with his wife. The boy's countenance was one of the mildest and most innocent in appearance—one which no person could connect with an evil thought. The man, however, having proved an *alibi*, people directed their thoughts to the boy, who, it was now remembered, had been seen about the house not long before the murder. He was found at the house of a relative a few miles off; and when told of the circumstance expressed a calm sorrow, protested his innocence, and said his mistress had given him leave to visit his relatives. He was taken to the house,

and evinced no particular emotion when he saw the body. Indeed, when desired to touch it, he kissed it. From various circumstances the jury convicted him in spite of his protestations of innocence, and it was only just before his execution that he confessed the crime. He stated that he had no motive for it—that he loved his mistress, and had never thought of injuring her, till, going into the room where she was sitting at the fire with her back to him, he, having a hatchet in his hand, suddenly thought now nicely he could kill her, and without a moment's consideration did so.

The President remarked that the case appeared to be one of those in which a certain propensity is suddenly and impetuously excited for a moment; hundreds of which are upon record, and few of which have occurred without the corresponding organ being very greatly developed. He conceived that Mr. Drew had acquitted himself satisfactorily in his account of the head, for that gentleman professed himself to be unable to assign any motive for the crime which had been committed, and declared that the subject might have been a murderer, but could not have been one of those depraved wretches in whom the crime which brings them to an untimely end is but the last act of a bad life.—*The Lancet.*

### Retrospective Cleanings.

[The two subsequent papers are from "the Diary of a Lover of Literature," in the first Number of a New Series of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, just commenced with the year. We need scarcely add, that the Proprietors of this long-established Journal have our best wishes for the success of their renovated exertions to enrich the most valuable departments of English literature.]

#### DEBARKATION OF THE CORPSE OF LORD BYRON.

THE circumstances related in the following letter, addressed to the late H. Smedley, Esq., by a gentleman in an important magisterial office, were witnessed by very few; but the description, which was written on the very day of their occurrence, when the impression was fresh on the writer's mind, will be interesting to all:—

"I know that you are curious in such matters, and I therefore send you an account of the melancholy sight which I have seen to-day. As I was proceeding down the river this morning, I saw at about five minutes A.M., a brig lying at the London Dock Buoy. She was about 250 tons burthen, in mourning (black, with a broad, blue streak), and carried at the main, half-mast high, a broad pendent, or more strictly speaking, a silk banner of dark blue or purple, charged with a baron's coronet proper. Her ensign was hoisted in the same mournful way. Her



name 'the Florida, of London.' On my return (about ten minutes or a quarter past four p.m.) I saw one of Searle's barges lying alongside, a tackle was lowered from the main yard, and a coffin wrapped in black cloth come over the larboard side of the brig nearly amidships, and was received by some attendants in the barge. That coffin contained the body of Lord Byron. There were a few straggling boats about the ship; and after I had seen the remains which lately contained the most towering spirit in Europe placed in the barge, and had directed my people to preserve order and decency, in the event of a crowd of boats following it, I departed. When I left the brig she was just swinging with the flood tide, and I afterwards learned that the barge proceeded up the river entirely alone. Some of my people followed it to London Bridge; but when my galley-men returned after landing me at the Temple, they met the barge, quite unattended, just below Blackfriars Bridge.

"A leaden coffin was brought to the brig in the course of the morning, and my people who were on duty smelt a strong scent of spirits, arising as they suppose from the people in the brig starting the vessel which contained the body, and pouring the contents overboard. One of my men saw some staves and hoops put into the boat; and these I conjecture to have formed the cask in which the body was preserved. Great care seemed to be taken that no one but the proper attendants should come on board; on the starboard side was chalked, 'No admittance.' The quarter deck was shrouded from view by a main sail, and the stern ports were not above a quarter raised. I suppose the friends of the deceased had issued orders for the greatest privacy to be observed; but I could not help feeling that there was an air of desertion about the scene which added to the melancholy of it. On my return to the office this evening, I saw the brig working into the London Docks; the banner was gone, and her ensign streamed gaily from the Peak."

"Monday Evening, 5th July, 1824."

#### LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.

JAN. 1, 1801. In looking over some papers this morning, I met with the following curious and unpublished letter of Dr. Franklin, discussing some topics of considerable interest with admirable good sense and sagacity, characteristic of its author. It is dated Philadelphia, May 9, 1753, and is addressed to his friend Peter Collinson, Esq.

"SIR, I thank you for the kind and judicious remarks you have made on my little piece. I have often observed with wonder that temper of the poorer English labourers which you mention, and acknowledge it to be pretty general. When any of

them happen to come here, where labour is much better paid than in England, their industry seems to diminish in equal proportion. But it is not so with the German labourers: they retain the habitual industry and frugality they bring with them, and receiving higher wages, an accumulation arises that makes them all rich. When I consider that the English are the offspring of Germans, that the climate they live in is much of the same temperature, when I see nothing in nature that should create this difference, I am tempted to suspect it must arise from constitution; and I have sometimes doubted whether the laws peculiar to England, which *compel the rich to maintain the poor*, have not given the latter a dependence that very much lessens the care of providing against the wants of old age.

"I have heard it remarked that the *poor* in Protestant countries, on the continent of Europe, are generally more industrious than those of *Popish* countries. May not the more numerous foundations in the latter for relief of the poor, have some effect towards rendering them less provident? To relieve the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures is concurring with the Deity,—it is godlike; but if we provide encouragement for laziness, and supports for folly, may it not be found fighting against the order of God and Nature, which, perhaps, has appointed want and misery as the proper punishments for, and cautions against, as well as necessary consequences of, idleness and extravagance? Whenever we attempt to amend the scheme of Providence, and to interfere with the government of the world, we had need be very circumspect, lest we do more harm than good. In New England they once thought *blackbirds* useless, and mischievous to the corn. They made efforts to destroy them. The consequence was, the blackbirds were diminished; but a kind of worm which devoured their grass, and which the blackbirds used to feed on, increased prodigiously; then, finding their loss in grass much greater than their saving in corn, they wished again for their blackbirds.

"We had here some years since a Transylvanian Tartar, who had travelled much in the East, and came hither merely to see the West, intending to go home through the Spanish West Indies, China, &c. He asked me one day, what I thought might be the reason that so many and such numerous nations, as the Tartars in Europe and Asia, the Indians in America, and the Negroes in Africa, continued a wandering, careless life, and refused to live in cities, and cultivate the arts they saw practised by the civilized parts of mankind? While I was considering what answer to make him, he said, in his broken English, "God make man for Paradise. He make him for live lazy. Man make God

angry. God turn him out of Paradise, and bid workee. Man no love workee; he want to go to Paradise again; he want to live lazy. So all mankind love lazy." However this may be, it seems certain that the hope of becoming at some time of life free from the necessity of care and labour, together with fear of penury, are the mainsprings of most people's industry. To those, indeed, who have been educated in elegant plenty, even the provision made for the poor may appear misery; but to those who have scarce ever been better provided for, such provision may seem quite good and sufficient. These latter then have nothing to fear worse than their present condition, and scarce hope for anything better than a parish maintenance. So that there is only the difficulty of getting that maintenance allowed while they are able to work, or a little shame they suppose attending it, that can induce them to work at all; and what they do will only be from hand to mouth.

"The proneness of human nature to a life of ease, of freedom from care and labour, appear strongly in the little success that has hitherto attended every attempt to civilize our American Indians. In their present way of living, almost all their wants are supplied by the spontaneous productions of nature, with the addition of very little labour, if hunting and fishing may indeed be called labour, where game is so plenty. They visit us frequently, and see the advantages that arts, sciences, and compact societies procure us. They are not deficient in natural understanding; and yet they have never shown any inclination to change their manner of life for ours, or to learn any of our arts. When an Indian child has been brought up among us, taught our language, and habituated to our customs, yet if he goes to see his relatives, and makes one Indian ramble with them, there is no persuading him ever to return. And that this is not natural to them merely as Indians, but as men, is plain from this, that when white persons, of either sex, have been taken prisoners by the Indians, and lived awhile with them, though ransomed by their friends, and treated with all imaginable tenderness to prevail with them to stay among the English, yet in a short time they become disgusted with our manner of life, and the care and pains that are necessary to support it, and take the first opportunity of escaping again into the woods, from whence there is no redeeming them. One instance I remember to have heard, where the person was brought home to possess a good estate; but finding some care necessary to keep it together, he relinquished it to a younger brother, reserving to himself nothing but a gun and a watch-coat, with which he took his way again into the wilderness.

"So that I am apt to imagine that close Societies subsisting by labour and art, arose first not from choice but from necessity, when numbers being driven by war from their hunting-grounds, and prevented by seas, or by other nations, from obtaining other hunting-grounds, were crowded together into some narrow territories, which without labour could not afford them food. However, as matters now stand with us, care and industry seem absolutely necessary to our well-being. They should therefore have every encouragement we can invent, and not one motive to diligence be subtracted, and the support of the poor should not be by maintaining them in idleness, but by employing them in some kind of labour suited to their abilities of body, &c. as I am informed begins to be of late the practice in many parts of England, where workhouses are erected for that purpose. If these were general, I should think the poor would be more careful, and work voluntarily to lay up something for themselves against a rainy day, rather than run the risk of being obliged to work at the pleasure of others for a bare subsistence, and that too under confinement. The little value *Indians* set on what we prize so highly, under the name of learning, appears from a pleasant passage that happened some years since, at a treaty between some colonies and the Six Nations. When everything had been settled to the satisfaction of both sides, and nothing remained but a mutual exchange of civilities, the English Commissioners told the Indians that they had in their country a college for the instruction of youth, who were there taught various languages, arts, and sciences; that there was a particular foundation in favour of the Indians to defray the expense of the education of any of their sons, who should desire to take the benefit of it: and said, if the Indians would accept the offer, the English would take half a dozen of their brightest lads, and bring them up in the best manner. The Indians, after consulting on the proposals, replied, that it was remembered that some of their youths had formerly been educated at that college, but that it had been observed that for a long time after they returned to their friends, *they were absolutely good for nothing*; being neither acquainted with the true methods of killing deer, catching beavers, or surprising an enemy. The proposition they looked on, however, as a mark of kindness and good will of the English, to the Indian nations which merited a grateful return: and, therefore, if the English gentlemen would send a dozen or two of their children to Opondago, the Great Council would take care of their education, bring them up in what was really the best manner, and make men of them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### The Gatherer.

#### THE DOUBLE MEANING.

This is one of Mr. Hood's *Comic* tail-pieces. It requires not explanation: old age and childhood, each has its cunning—and here

are both: it is like coaxing with sugar a dose of wormwood, which folks do hourly, in some shape or other. If a moral be allowed as a tail to this tail-piece, we should say the trickery of the old lady in the cut is an indirect mode of teaching children to tell untruths.



*New Bread.*—Few things are of more difficult digestion than new bread. Every thing, as may be inferred from what is known of the process of digestion, which by mastication forms a tenacious paste, is difficult of digestion, being slowly pervaded by the gastric juice. So difficult of digestion is such a paste, that I have known more than one dyspeptic whose stomach could only digest new bread when soaked in melted butter. Here one of the articles most difficult of digestion was more easily digested than the tenacious paste which its presence promoted. Even bread sufficiently old, which it never is till it is quite dry, is frequently oppressive if taken alone and in considerable quantity. It still forms a mass not very readily pervaded. The sailor's biscuit or bread toasted very hard often agrees better with a weak stomach than bread in other states.—*Dr. Philip, on Indigestion.*

*St. Stephen's Day, Dec. 27.*—Our forefathers had a notion that it was good to gallop horses and then to bleed them on this day, to prevent their having any disorders in the ensuing year. Mr. Douce says this practice appears to have been brought into this country by the Danes. Among the Finns, upon St. Stephen's day, a piece of money, or a bit of silver, must be thrown into the trough, out of which the horses drink, by every one that wishes to prosper.

*The Sidney Oak.*—Sir Philip Sidney was born at Penshurst Castle, Kent, the 24th of

November, 1554. In the Park stands the famous oak, said to have been planted at the birth of Sidney, and now (says Brayley) upwards of twenty-two feet in girth. Ben Jonson and Waller have both celebrated this tree; and in the poem called "Penshurst," by E. Coventry, are these lines, in reference to its connexion with the natal day of Sidney:

"What genius points to yonder oak?  
What rapture does my soul provoke?  
There let me hang a garland high,  
There let my muse her accents try:  
Be there my earliest homage paid,  
Be there my latest vigils made;  
For thou wast planted in the earth  
The day that shone on Sydney's birth."

P. T. W.

It is calculated, by Dr. Arnott, that the waves of the ocean, (or rather the particular form which they assume,) travel at the rate of 40 miles an hour.

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